

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGLY AND BILLIE'S BLOWER.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

Once upon a time, as Uncle Wiggly was hopping through the woods, the rabbit gentleman heard some voices talking on the other side of a sassafras bush.

"Now it's my turn," spoke one voice.

"No, it's Sammie's turn," said some one else.

"And after that it's mine, isn't it?" spoke a third voice.

"Dear me! I wonder who is talking?" said Uncle Wiggly to himself. "It can't be the Pipsewah. His name isn't Billie. Hark! He's talking again. I must listen."

Then he heard someone else say:

"There, Jackie, now you've had your taste, and it's Sammie's turn."

"Oh, ho! These must be some of my boy animal friends!" thought Uncle Wiggly with a laugh. Then he looked over the top of the sassafras bush, and he saw Billie Wagtail, the goat chap, and standing in front of him, as if he were the Pipsewah, was Sammie Little, the rabbit, also Johnny and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, and Jackie and Pootie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boys.

Billie, the goat, had a paper bag in one hoof, and he had a hollow tin tube, a regular beanblower, in the other. And Billie was dipping this hollow tin tube down in the paper bag, and then passing the tube around to his boy friends. They ate something off the end of the tin, and seemed to like it very much.

"Hello there, Billie!" cried Uncle Wiggly in his jolly voice, as he twinkled his pink nose. "What are you doing?"

"Oh, my! How you scared me!" bleated the goat boy, who had jumped up ready to run. "I thought you were the Pipsewah!"

"Oh, no!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "I wouldn't want to be that chap. But what are you doing, and what have you in that bag?"

"Sugar," answered Billie, as Sammie handed him back the tin blower tube. "Sugar," exclaimed Uncle Wiggly, very much surprised.

"Powdered sugar," went on Billie. "It's the only kind they had in the seven and eight-cent store where my mother sent me. I'm taking it home to her so she can make a cake."

"I guess your mother won't make much of a cake of that sugar," said the rabbit gentleman.

"Why not?" asked the goat chap.

"Because you're giving it all away before you get home," laughed Uncle Wiggly.

"Oh, well," answered Billie slowly like, and benevolently. "I'm only dipping my tin blower in the powdered

sugar and giving each of the boys a little teeny taste of it. You know sugar has been so scarce they haven't had any in a long while."

"I know it has," spoke Uncle Wiggly. "But if your mother wants to make a cake she'll need this sugar, and if you give it all away she'll be all away," bleated Billie.

"Let me see," spoke the goat boy, and he began counting noses. "Yes, it's Johnny's turn," he went on and, dipping the tin blower down in the bag of white powdered sugar, he gave the squirrel chap a nice taste of the sweet stuff.

"Do you want some, Uncle Wiggly?" asked the goat boy. "I don't guess my mother will care if I give you a taste."

"Thank you, I'd better not take any," said the rabbit gentleman.

"No, but I will!" suddenly cried a harsh and most unpleasant voice, and then, all of a sudden from behind a juniper tree, on the other side of the path, out jumped the Pipsewah.

"I don't know what you have there in the bag, Billie Wagtail," said the Pipsewah, "but whatever it is, I'll take some, even if Uncle Wiggly won't."

"Oh, so you'll have some of what's in this bag, will you?" asked Billie the goat, in a funny voice of the Pip.

"I will!" cried the bad chap, as Billie took his hollow tin blower in his hoof. The goat boy dipped the tin deep down into the powdered sugar, filling the tube half full. Then he pointed it right at the Pipsewah, just like a gun. Billie did, and then the goat boy put his mouth to the other end of the tube and he blew as hard as he could. He blew a lot of the white, powdery sugar in the eyes and nose of the Pipsewah.

"A-ker-choo! Ker-fool! Ker-sizzle!" sneezed the Pipsewah. "I guess I don't want any more of what's in that bag!" he said, disconsolate like.

"And do you want any of my sugar?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"Oh-ker-choo-no!" said the Pip, and away he ran as fast as he could run. So it's a good thing Billie the goat gave the boy animals powdered sugar from his bag, lest if there was enough for Mrs. Wagtail's cake after all.

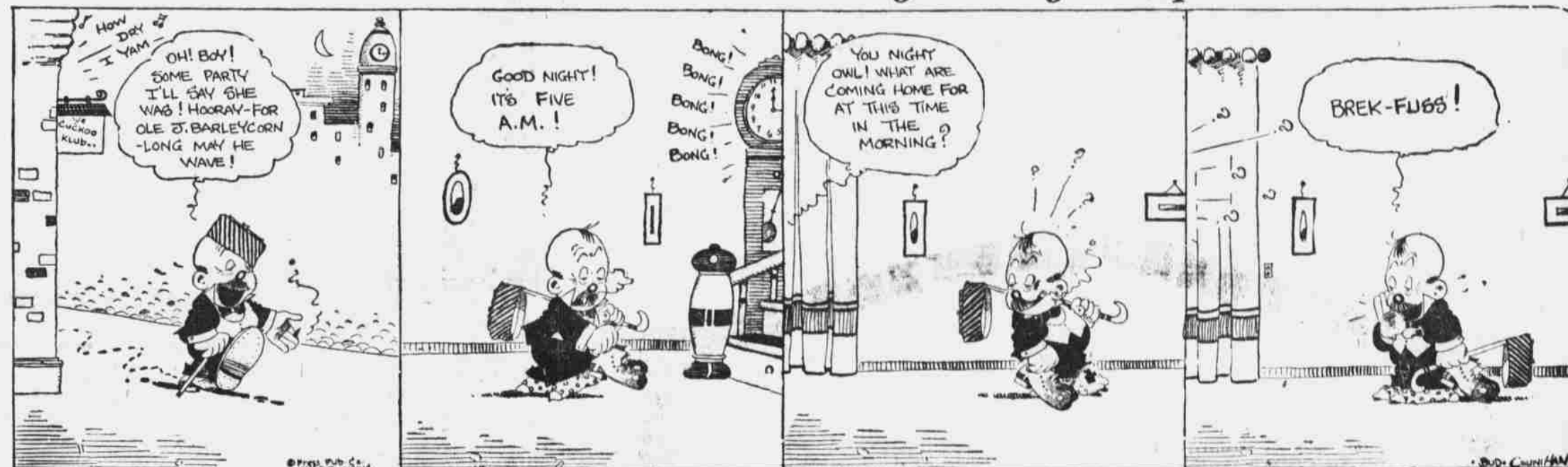
But if the black cat doesn't crawl inside the stovepipe to make himself look white and stylish, like the talcum powder on the bathroom shelf, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the Kitten Kat.



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Mary Gets Crowned



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—There's Something Coming to Pop Besides Breakfast



JOE'S CAR—Emphatically—the Man Is NOT



DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX,
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

HOW TO SPOIL A HUSBAND.

Have you ever noticed this strange domestic phenomenon—that all the good women seem to get the mean husbands, and all the mean women appear to get the good husbands?

Virtue apparently seldom runs 50-50 in the family circle. Ninety times out of a 100 when you find a devoted, unselfish wife who spends her life slaving for her husband, and wearing her self out in pinching in economies in order to give and help him along, you will find that the husband is a selfish brute who tyrannizes over her, and who shows her neither gratitude nor appreciation.

And, by the same token, when you find a man who is as domestic as the house cat, who is tender and thoughtful and considerate of his wife, and who works so hard he grows hump-shouldered trying to pay her bills, you will likewise find that he has nearly always married a baby doll who never has a single thought that is not centered on her own pleasure and comfort, and who regards her husband as nothing more nor less than a combination cash register and doorknob.

This is not due to the noble and upright being particularly unlucky in the matrimonial gamble. Nor is it due to their being particularly stupid in the selection of their life partners. It is due solely to the fact that they lack the wisdom, the courage, and the firmness to deal adequately with one of the most difficult and delicate problems that life offers—and that is how much we can do for another human being without ruining him or her.

So they have spoiled the men and women to whom they are married, and turned those who would have been perfectly good husbands and wives into

grows at her, or speak to her as if she was a lady; whether he is going to be stingy to her or liberal with her.

It is commonplace to say that every one treats us just as we demand that they treat us, and that is as true of husbands as of anyone else. This wife who is tyrannized by the temper of a man who has never learned to control himself, and who submits meekly to his abuse when he is in a rage, is spoiling herself. Better a few scowls in which she makes him understand that she is no meek creature to be mistreated, and sworn at, than a life time of cringing under words that stab like a dagger.

It is every wife's duty to be thrifty and saving within reason, but the wife who begins her married life by denying herself everything she can possibly do without, spoils her husband. She makes him think that a wife can live on air, and that clothes grow upon her as feathers do upon a bird, and that she needs things he gives them to her grudgingly. It is the over-thrifty wives who make stingy husbands.

The young wife who never demands anything for herself, who never lets her husband take her to any place of amusement, who never lets him see that she expects him to pay her little courtesies and attentions in some way, is spoiling her husband. She is letting him turn her into a piece of household furniture, and in a little while she will find that he considers her as little as he does the kitchen sink. She will be merely a household convenience to him, and nothing more.

Every man when he gets married for the first time is beginning a totally new experience. He has to learn how to be a husband, and it is up to his wife to teach him how to walk in the path in which he should go. By pampering him in his selfishness, in his greediness, in his egotism, she can make him surly, and inconsiderate, stingy and brutal, or she can teach him to be courteous to her and considerate of her, and to deal fairly with her about money.

And let no woman forget that to a husband's love he has to hold his respect, and no man respects the family doorman. He wipes his feet upon it when he walks over to find some

woman who has got more backbone and pep to her.

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SELECTING JURY.

"Selecting a jury has become one of the most important features of the modern trial," remarked a well-known jurist, "and you'd be surprised how difficult it is to get 12 really intelligent and unbiased men together at one time. I recall once when a whole week was spent in selecting a jury to try a killing. Finally one old fellow seemed to fill the bill and would complete the quota. He had no prejudices, was not opposed to capital punishment, and was considered a valuable find. So the prosecuting attorney said solemnly, 'Jury, look upon the prisoner, prisoner, look upon the juror.'"

"The old man adjusted his spectacles and peered at the prisoner for a full half minute. Then, turning to the court, he said: 'Judge, I don't believe he believes he's guilty.'"

DID HE WANT WOOD?

A well-known furniture dealer of a 'trotting town' wanted to give his faithful negro driver something for Christmas in recognition of his untiring good humor in tending stoves, beds, pianos, etc.

"Dobson," he said, "you have helped me through some pretty tight places in the last 10 years and I want to give you something as a Christmas present that will be useful to you and that you will enjoy. Which do you prefer, a ton of coal or a gallon of good whisky?"

"Stee," Dobson replied, "Ah, burne wood!"

HOROSCOPE

TUESDAY, DEC. 15, 1919.
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The afternoon of this day is an auspicious time for pushing business matters, according to astrology. Jupiter is in a benefic aspect and the Sun is in a place of friendly power. Earlier, Saturn and Mercury are adverse.

As the year dies many of the evil influences so strongly perceptible during the autumn will abate, but care in all financial affairs is enjoined.

While this configuration prevails business plans of every sort are supposed to be subject to the best discretion. It is a way under which to prepare for new year initiative in trade or commerce.

Promoters and organizers are well supported during this planetary position. Schemes of extraordinary magnitude will be pushed in 1920 and some of them will greatly benefit the people through co-operative provisions.

There is a sign read as promising a new political movement that will bring surprising results, causing amazing reciprocity and associations of ancient times.

With this rule universal and college should greatly benefit. Again honors to faculty heads and professors of every grade forecast.

The stars give fair promise to all who seek positions or appointments today. Saturn in a menacing aspect today bodes ill for those who have spent money recklessly or have speculated unwisely.

With the usual days of reckoning at the end of the year conditions will develop that will cause anxiety in financial circles, the seers declare.

It has been frequently prophesied that the American optimism that encourages extravagance and waste will be accentuated at this time, but it should be remembered that the peak of reckless spending is to be reached with the early weeks of the new year when reactions will become imperative.

Persons whose birthdate it is have our house.

Children born on this day will probably be generous, kind and affectionate. These subjects of Sagittarius are generally very fortunate.

A Line On Men You Read About

Miss Hannah J. Patterson, who enjoys the unusual distinction of being the first woman to be appointed assistant to the secretary of the war department, is a member of the advisory committee of the war risk insurance bureau.

The new assistant was a resident director of the woman's committee of the National Council of National Defense. She directed the work of the advisory committee of the war risk insurance bureau.

Hannah Patterson, 48, states' divisions of the woman's committee with their 15,000 units throughout the war.

Secretary Baker's aide is a suffragist and contributed much to the success of the campaign to force the passing of the franchise.

ON ANY OLD GROUNDS.

"But Mabel, on what grounds does your father object to me?"

"In any grounds within a mile of our house."

YE TOWNE GOSSIP

(RECEIVED BY K.C.B.)

YOU RECALL the couple. THAT HAD the trouble. ABOUT THE prune pie. AND SHE went away. AND CAME back again. AND I hadn't seen them. FOR MORE than a week. UNTIL YESTERDAY. AND EARLY last evening. WE CAME downstairs. IN THE same elevator. AND THE tall, sad man. WAS ALL dressed up. AND SO WAS his wife. AND THEY had their wraps. AND WERE going out. AND THEN I lost them. ON THE lobby floor. AND FOUND them again. JUST MAKING ready. TO FIND a place. IN THE revolving door. TO GET to the street. AND THE tall, sad man. WAS DOING his best. TO MAKE his wife. GET INTO the door. AND EMPTY places. WOULD COME around. AND SHE'D let them go by. AND THEN all at once. SHE MADE a dive. FOR AN empty space. AND JUST as she did. THERE CAME a man. AND HE beat her to it. BUT SHE never quit.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

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The young lady across the way says we mustn't get the idea that all ripe olives are poisonous just because of a few anarchyisms.

Twice Told Tales

DECEMBER 15, 1909.

The bureau of statistics of labor and industry in the report for 1908 issued at Trenton, N. J., gives comparative retail prices prevailing in 70 cities, towns and villages. The report shows an increase for foods during the year of 4.4 per cent, and that in 11 years the cost of living has increased 27.13 per cent. The advance in foodstuffs, having exceeded that of wages more than 18 per cent.

The old city hall in the rear of the present courthouse at Poplar avenue and Main street is collapsing. Part of the wall fell in last week and more fell today. The records of value have been removed.

The congregation of the Binghamton Baptist church has called the Rev. R. J. Williams, of Martin, Tenn., to its pastorate to succeed the Rev. M. W. DoLoach, who recently resigned.

Garrett Johnson and Arthur C. DoLoach, alleged night riders, charged with the assassination of Capt. Quentin Rankin at Walnut Lake Reelfoot lake, denied on the witness stand in their trial at Union City that they were guilty.

Miss Savilla Driver and John Donsen Martin were married at the Second Presbyterian church, the Rev. A. B. Curry, D. D., officiating.

A permit to wreck the Cotton Exchange building in order that construction work may begin on the new skyscraper home of the Cotton and Merchants exchange, was issued to the Lewis Transfer company by Dan C. Newton, building inspector.

DIDN'T DISTURB HIM.

"Do the troubles keep you awake?"

"Never," said Mr. Crossroads. "It is when there is a threat to stop 'em that I get nervous and can't sleep."